A ONE-ACT DRAMA AT DINNER. hull pick of thet collectun, which he hed so succissfully swiped! "You're mistaken, my dear," says he gintly. "I'm no abused and wronged hero out of a novel; I'm a disgrace. I never saw England; and that red-nosed man in there isn't my humble retainer, he's my pal." A ONE-ACT DRAMA AT DINNER.

Gentleman George Proves His Right to His Name.

From the Literary Remains of William Smithers.

I allus knew when our puss, of which Gentleman George was the hereditary bearer, was gittun short and slim, he got so high and mighty. His temper was the best cash register lever kem acrost; or to employ anudder figger. I may say it was like a mill that buzzes the loudest whin the grist runs out.

Accordingly, wan day, whin he hed been cussin' everythin' in gineral about nuthin' Without a wud, I set to work a polishin' Gentleman George was the hereditary high and mighty. His temper was the best cash register I ever kem acrost; or to employ anudder figger, I may say it was like a mill that buzzes the loudest whin the grist runs

cussin' everythin' in gineral about nuthin' in partic'lar, I said, says I: Jarge, the time has came whin we must

be up and doin'; up to some slick game, and doin' of some soft body.

"Don't be abstrac'," he growled; "git down to the concrete or shet up."
"Not abstrac'?" I retorted. "Why, that's

the hull basis of our perfessun; and as to gittun down to the concrete, it's the asphalt we orter be poundin', if we wants to nail the nimble chance on its flit from the cradle of the marn to the tomb of the night." He cussed a little more at my rhitoric,

and thin, without furder adoo, excep' the necessary wan of leavin' our room, we set fort' on our perigrinatuns.

It was a bright, crisp day, and the streets was crowded. As we strolled along keepin' a clus watch on pockets and hands, we naterally paused before the glitterin' winder of a great jewelry shop, which eximplified, a'most beyond endurance, the plaintiff

song, "Th'art so near and yit so far." I've heered tell some 'ares of a cur'us crystal that cud hold the gaze until, clouded and shadowy, the futur' wud pass acrost it and, blow me, if that same winder didn't eve a sim'lar magic. I know as I flattened my nose against it I seemed to see the uncorked necks a stickin' out of the ice-coolers, the buds and the iseters adornin' the cloth: the wheel a-spinnin', the ball a-rollin', the chips pilin' high; and the ponies comin down the stritch in a bunch. I was just raisin' my fut, when Jarge hauled me away. "There ain't a fightin' chance in that."

says he, "but this old guy comin' out is a easy mark, or I wears green goggles." A pros'prous old cove he looked for a bigger around the jowls nor the brows as if he found eatin' easier than thinkin': and so fat and puffy as to be out of all vi'lent exercise excep' runnin' to flesh. But there was a detarmined way in which he stood buttonin' up his cut that med me think he was settun a combinatun with ivery button.

"Easy unly to hisself, Jarge," I replied. "He's a tight wan, he is. I don't b'lieve the rock wud come fort even if old Moses atruck him." "His got his blind side all the same."

eavs George. "Jest watch him smile." And smile the old man did as a young girl kem tripping outer the shop to his side. She was the purtiest creetur' I ever seen, short of a cigarut'-box; blue eves, fluffy hair, sorter ether'al, don't you know, yet fillin' her clothes most charming. Smile? and no wonder; I'd hev' smiled meself!

"Oh, par," she cried, holdin' out a pink these are puffeckly lovely. How good of you!" Par lifted up his chin as if his swellin

pride med his collar tight.

Nonsense, Virginia." says he, "the merest trifle. Shall we walk; bein ' as Thomas ain't come and the day's so fine?' And on they tripped and waddled like a gazelle and an elephant goin' into the Ark. We follered, with me a little behind

Jarge out of deff'rence to his distangay air and super'or clothes. They tunned too hed retired on their dough and didn't want to be bodered. In the middle of the quietest block with

not a pedestrun in sight nor a face at a n'ise, an event, which was also an epic. occurred. Out from behind a tree a hobo

He snatched the pink passel and a danglin' puss from Virginia's hand, without breakin' his pace, and on he swep' like a scarecrow in a gale. But not for long. Jest as I tripped him Large weekle tripped him, Jarge necked him; his ends our means, as often happens with us invistmints with all the smooth persuasun of an auctioneer. My fren' the butler was vibratun in the rear, mutely suggestun "Shall I?" I ast, a-girdin' of me lines.

fear your police protection is not equal to that of Lumnon" "I fear not, me Lud." replied the old

commoner" which he never was "though whise we hold our lands from the Conk'rer hisself, but now the danger is passed, the and danger repaire.

now," says par, briskly, "P'raps ou'll allow me to introduce myself as haddeus Dairymple, a name not unle-nownst on the Street, and this is my darter Virginia. Our humble dwellin' is near by, won't you come in that we may t'ank you fittingly?"

Without a wud, I set to work a polishin' of those fake stuns, while Jarge touched up the seams of his evenin' clothes.

Old Dairymple's people downstairs was more'n hearty in their wilcome and it was due to the butler's anxi'ty that I shud have the freshest and best of the heel-taps that I found meself installed in his pantry while the dinner was goin' on. There, on a high stool, to the side of the curting, I cud inwisibly participate in the mintal feast and at the same time have the ch'ice of the mater'al wan within reach, not exciptun

mater'al wan within reach, not exciptun the most portable of the plate.

Gentleman George played his part well. While he aimed his shafts d'reckly at his host he managed that more'n wan of them glanced into Virginia's too-susciptable buzzom.

He told of his ancestral hum, his adventures by land and sea, his cravin' for a purer civilizatun, a higher life; and whin, about the time the roast wenison went on in o'licious cloud of port-wine aromy he uoted somethin' about preferrin' simple ait' to Normun blood, I cud see that the irl was a'most ready to exchange her an for his odder.

Old Dalrymple tuk all this sentimentality its real yaloo, well knowin' that it could

at its real valoo, well knowin' that it could live permanently with a big rent roll with-out a jar. His cunning fittle eyes com-prised his darter's ingen'us interest, his guest's chivalric devotun; and a'ready it was plain, as he set back in his cheer, his t'umbs in the arm-hulls of his west, that his calkerlatin' brain was figgerin' how he wud add a sky-scraper tower to the baron'al halls of the Poinses and wire in the ad-jacent county for a deer park, when Vir-ginia kem into her own. ginia kem into her own.

Condituns bein' so propit'us, Jarge got
down to his essentials about the time those
of the dinner dwindled off into coffee and

it.
Love of natur'," he said saftly, "implies a love for all her individdle forms of beauty The hues of the sunset may develop triensiently in the bloom of our partairs, or burn permanently in the heart of our jewels. Self-constituted exile that I have been for

Self-constituted exile that I have been for years, I have allus carried with me some of the rarest of those gems which wealth and cultur' accumelated in our coffers.

"It may seem triv'al to your hard-headed practical'ty, sir, but it is a positive pleasure for me to handle their polished suffaces and ketch the rainbow effecks of their radjunce." And Jarge tossed into the air and onto the shinin' mahog'ny a handful of stuns whose sparkle also reflicted credit on my elbow greese.

"Why, didn't you know," says old Dal-"Why, didn't you know," says old Dal-rymple, holdin' now wan and now anudder up to the light, "I'm somethin' of a con-noshure meself? Not to anny sech extent, of course; these I can see are of the fust water. Still, that pidjun-blood ruby, you know, Virginia, thet I bought at the sale of the Duke Dorleens—why, here's its very sister, I shud say. Jest get the cabinet, will you, child?"

will you, child?"
Virginia kem back in a moment, with a cunnin' little box all full of drawers, and in each drawer, all wrapt in tissue paper and bedded in sawdust were the genooine articles, sure enough; di'monds, rubies pearls-my heart was between my teet' as

I looked at thim!

"Yes," said Jarge critically, "you have made a very fair, discriminatun start."

I watched him as he compared each wan of his fake stuns with some wan of Dalrymple's real wans, apperiently returning the former to his wescut pocket and the latter the cabinet drawers; and, trust me for to the cabinet drawers; and, the tuk no the onct, it was cleverly done. He tuk no chances, unly palmin' the false for the true, where there was a superfic'al resimblance the pidgeon-blood but whin he got troo, the pidgeon-blood ruby and the pick of thet hull collection

ruby and the pick of thet hull collection had been exchanged for old Ikey's paste and crystal.

"Shall I put away the cabinet, Par?" asked Virginia suddenly, "while I leave you gentlemen to your cigars?"

There was somethin' in the tone of her v'ice, faint, indifinite, which jarred the foundatuns of my exultant hopes like the fust rumble of an eart'quake. S'pose she hed seen—

hed seen — I leaned far out from my stool. Jarge was puffin' away with all the calm satis faction of successful achievement. Old Dalrymple was discoursin' on some of his

"Shall I?" I ast, a-girdin' of me lines.
"Not on yer life," replied George, "we're arter wales not gudjuns"—his meanin' bein' plainer than the sense of it.

We losed our hold away shot the hobo on the spring of a resoundin' kick. The nex' moment Gentleman George, his hat in wan hand, the goods in the udder, was bowin' afore Virginia and her par.

"I am glad," says he, a-tellin' a lot of things in a breat' for my eddificatun, "that I and my man on the very fust day of our arrival here was able to render a service to wan of Ameriky's lovely darters. I fear your police protection is not equal fear, mutely suggestun coneyack and corduls.

Slippeddown and out of the pantry. Far down the broad hall I saw Virginia comin' out of the library. She stopped, she swayed out of the library she to stiddy her sense of idintity: she clasped thim to her heart, as if the emotuns within might overflow. She knew: she knew!

What thin, shud I do? The coast lay clear before me. I hed but to sneak down the stairs and make a bluff and the huil world wind be mine agin, as muchas it ever was. But Jarge, my pardner of whom I was

But Jarge, my pardner of whom I was so proud, whose society gave me sech dis-tinctun—cud I cut away and leave him to be pinched like a low-down petty larc'ner?

stle which wud mean Break off for your when a light hand teched my shoulder, and trembly about the tips, but with great ue eyes stiddy and brave.
"Don't do that," she said. "I understand; "Gawd help you thin!" says I, inwolun-

you fittingly?"

"My card case, Jemes," says Jarge
Oh, how keerless of you. Well, vertially,
then, I am Rupert Potos of Devanshire;
we kep' the Welsh marshes, lang syne."

I Cought to moself, 'You're gittin mixed
timologically, Jarge." but it went all
right, all right. right, all right

"Most proud, most happy," says Dairymple, tobido like a colory idol behind
the bar; while Virginia's eyes grew so saft
an' round an' big, they looked like minatoor sides, they did

"I must retarn at onet for an ongagemost with our Counsul City'rai," bestated

"The there kem a sound from above that
the bar; while Virginia's eyes grew so saft
I didn't her the fast?

I didn't her true of the fast?

I didn't her true of the fast of the rest me of the color.

he's my pal."
"I don't care!" sobbed Virginia.
"Yes, but I do; come, Smithers;" and
the nex' moment we was out of the house
and sprintin' around the karner.
"That's what a man gits for bein' brought

"That's what a man gits for their mounts of up like a gentleman," groaned Jarge as soon as he ketched his breath.
"Never mind," says I. "We hed a beng-"Never mind," east I. "We hed a beng up dinner at all ewents, and I've got mos of the spoons in my clothes."

PREMIUMS FOR SNAKES.

ndia Pays for Killing Animals That Destroy Human Life.

In the year 1897 the poisonous snakes of ndia and the beasts of prey in her jungles killed 25 236 human beings and 84,147 cattle. For many years India has paid premiums for the destruction of snakes and other animals that destroy human life. In the year mentioned premiums amounting to 119.493 rupees were paid for the destruc-

tion of 19,045 beasts and 105,227 snakes. In spite of the large destruction of these animals the number of persons killed by them does not decrease. The victims of snakes and wild beasts in 1880 were 21,990. The number of victims in 1897 exceeded the number in 1880 by over 3,000. The Indian Government prints the statistics every year of the number of men and cattle killed and the number of snakes and other animals for whose destruction premiums are paid.

Dr. Fayrer said in 1870 that the average number of victims was a little over 20,000 year. It is most difficult to keep down the poisonous snakes, which are probably more destructive in India than in any other country. The bite of the cobra and some other varieties is almost inevitably fatal. The copra di capello, so named by the Portuguese from the hood formed by the outstretched skin of its neck, is the most dangerous and one of the most numerous of these reptiles. Dr. Nicholson, in his writings on the fauna of India, says there are at least 200 cobra to the square mile in the Bangalore district. This deadly snake is very susceptible to music, which accounts for the fact that it is much in favor with

serpent charmers.

A large number of beasts of prey are A large number of beasts of prey are killed by the use of strychnine. Their human victims do not number more than one-fourth as many as those killed by snakes. In five years after 1870 the number of men killed by tigers was 4.218; the number killed by wolves was 4.287. The royal tiger is found in every part of the peninsula. His favorite food is grasseating animals, such as the gazelle, the antelope and all the small forest beasts. As long as this game abounds he seldom As long as this game abounds he seldom attacks cattle or men; but when the jungle begins to be depopulated or the tiger grows begins to be depopulated or the tiger grows old and weak, and is no longer able to hunt the deer and gazelle, he preys on the herds of the peasantry, and even on the villagers themselves. Reclus says that a single tigress in the Shanda country of central India destroyed 132 persons during the years 1867 and 1868; another during the years 1867 and 1868; another maneater is said to have annually de-youred as many as eighty human beings. when these marauders begin to attack men public roads through the jungle are often completely abandoned. A single tiger a number of years ago inspired such terror that thirteen villages were aban-doned and a space of about 260 square miles was left uncultivated.

Hunters of big game in India regard the leopard or panther, as he is more com-monly called, as even more formidable than the tiger himself. He has less muscular strength but he is superior to the tiger in daring, cunning and nimbleness. After he has once tasted human flesh, he becomes

ne has once tasted numan nesh, he becomes a scourge constantly requiring fresh victims he does not always consume the body but invariably sucks the blood.

The Indian lion, which is destitute of mane, has almost ceased to exist on the mainland, and has not been hunted for many years. The bysen is dangerous to cattle years. The hyena is dangerous to cattle and even to the children of the peasantry when other food is scarce. On the whole India is afflicted to a greater extent than any other country with beasts of prey and reptiles that are dangerous to human life.

WHERE DO THEY WINTER?

Theories as to the Whereabouts of the Fur Seal in the Cold Part of the Year.

Various hypotheses have been advanced from time to time as to where the fur seal spends the winter after its departure from of these theories seem rather ridiculous as for example, the conjecture that upon the approach of the winter the seal drops to the bottom of the sea and sleeps like the bear, through the winter months. Other persons affirm that the seals migrate to the southern hemisphere in winter.

Mr. B. de Zenzinoff, a Russian who has been writing on the fur seal says that the most plausible of all the hypotheses is that which supposes that the seals never leave to winter the limits of the warm Kuro Siwo which is the current in the Pacific Ocean that corresponds with the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic. There is considerable evidence to show that a great many of them at least spend the gold season within the limits of this current or its in neighborhood s mewhere between the Ladrones and the P ilippine Islands; as the summer approaches they start north along the Kuri.e ands to the northern breeding grounds O this journey they spread over a lapurt of the ocean and are even found in heighborhood of San Francisco and a large borhood of San Francisco and in larger numbers off the coast of British

Compared with the former enormous number of seals killed every year the pres-ent number of skins coming to market is very small. If the seals are allowed to ver their former numbers, placing th recover their former numbers, placing the in ustry on its old footing, it will be interesting to know if we will again permit London to absorb a large part of the profits of the fur scal industry. Herstofore the skins after being dried, saited and packed on the Pribyiof Islands, have been sent through San Trancisco mainly to London where they have been plucked, dyed and others in any named for market and sold others he prepared for market and sold to buyers it London and New York. In other words most of the work of preparing scale for cloakmaking has always been in the hards of London furcious, though it might has as well be done in our own continue given to go own for workers. country giving to our own fur workers the profits made from an industry that originates in American waters.

and reason at sort for an engage meet with our tour solt set of the meet of the tour to decide what to the form the next for an engage. The temporary executing the properties of Daire with us, temporary executing the properties.

*Dine with us, temporary executing the properties of famous you know And as I wants to have a patie resident with your good man, defined. The properties of the that city how they live how they are empty your what are the sexual problems completely with them and what are the means in operation for meeting their physical, intellectual, sectial and spiritual needs.

Along other statistics these relating to the chareh going attitude of the young has of Hi stati base gathered. It families where the father state mether belong to the same church he per gathered of the princip mean are church incomers where persists are shurch members into the father and of the princip mean are church incomers for per cent of the state of the manuscrimers in per cent of the state of the manuscrimers in the per cent of the state of the manuscrimers in the members of the state of the manuscrimers in the members of the state of the manuscrimers in the members of the state of the manuscrimers in the members of the state of the manuscrimers of the state of the manuscrimers of the state of the members of the state of the manuscrimers of the state of the members of the state of the stat

ODYSSEY OF BLANKENSHIP.

ALASKAN TELLS HOW THE DEVIL TOOK CARE OF HIS OWN.

Thousand Mile Trip Up the Pacific Coast in a Rowboat by a Man With a Unique Disposition and His Late Father-in-Law - A Rich Strike and a Warm Ending

"Up in Alaska," said the returned Klondiker, "it sometimes happens when a man gets so vile that neither Providence nor his fellowmen will have anything to do with him, that the Devil looks after his own. Take the case of Blankenship. "Blankenship was a sawed-off little runt

with a moth-eaten moustache, a defect in one eye and a unique disposition. He came from Maine and the reason he left home was like this. "In his youth he got a woman to marry

him and being too small, 120 pounds, to tell his neighbors what he thought of them, he used to exercise his disposition on his wife. Sometimes he used a club and sometimes just bare fists. At the height of one of these athletic events Blankenship's father-in-law happened along and when he got through with Blankenship they had to call a doctor.

"When he was about again Blakenship sold his farm and deserted his wife and two children, some sixty miles from her father's house. Mrs. Blankenship covered the sixty miles eventually, but Blankenship had been there before her and her father's house and store were principally ashes. "The blaze occurred late at night and

Blankenship's father-in-law caught cold getting out, and died. He didn't leave anything. Mrs. Blankenship went to Portland with her two children and worked in a mill. Blankenship turned up in Skagway. "Within a month Blankenship quarrelled with every man he did business with and most of them had kicked him. Finally he

was run out of town. "Blankenship's toes showed through his shoes and there wasn't much left of his clothes. He begged and beat his way down to Chilkat and for two weeks lived there on free lunches.

"In that time he also got some fifty-odd free drinks on the strength of some mining operations which he spoke largely of having n contemplation. Most of those who gave him a drink also gave him a power of attorney so Blankenship could stake out a claim for each of his friends when the time

"But at the end of the two weeks Blakenship's disposition began to be too oppressive for Chilkat. Blankenship suffered indig-nities for a day and that night stole a row-boat and a sack of grub and rowed out into

the darknes of Lynn Canal.
"Thereafter blankenship's history began
to have gaps in it. Blankenship said he
rowed down Lynn Canal, through Icy Strait and out by way of Cross Sound to Cape Spencer. The fact that a dozen steamers brought news to Juneau and Pyramid Harbor and Chilkat in the next six months of a crazy, tattered man adrift in a rowboat

gives color to this story.

"It's worth taking down an atlas of Alaska
to get an idea of Blankenship's journey.
He said his father-in-law sat in the stern of the boat calling him bad names and telling him which way to row. Blankenship said he didn't mind his father-in-law, but he always wept when he spoke of the cold.

From Cape Spencer he rowed up the
Pacific Coast, hugging the shore. From Pacific Coast, hugging the shore. From Chilkat to Cape Spencer, as Blankenship made it, is about 130 miles. From Cape Spencer to Yakutat is 250 more, all outside. From Yakutak to the mouth of Copper River, following the shore line, is 350 at the

River, following the shore line, is 350 at the lowest figuring.

"Blankenship said he went plumb, raving crazy two weeks after he turned Cape Spencer and he remembered nothing of the subsequent part of his journey. His whole yarn may have been a lie and he may have worked his way the 800 miles up the coast on some vessel. But this much is certain—he rowed up Copper River one day in the boat he had stolen at Chilkat that night some two years before. He was quarrelling in a loud voice with his father-in-law and some men at a store on one bank of the river towed him ashore and filled him up with whiskey and quinine. ip with whiskey and quinine.

up Copper River. Some forty miles up his father-in-law made him turn into a creek that ran out northwest. It was a ridiculous creek, with nothing but ice and

bank and went ashore. There were two white men there who had married squaws

the squaws did all the work, including setting and emptying the traps and taking the pelts down to the store at the mouth of Copper River. The men ate and smoked and slept and sometimes drank whiskey.

as soon as he could swallow the squaws regaled him with Alaskan cookery in liquid form. Blankenship throve on it. At the end of two weeks he and his hosts had become so well acquainted that the squaws beat him with sticks and the white men

threw him violently into the value bees.

"Blankenship was bleeding when he came to. He limped down to the creek, untied his boat and proceeded to climb in. Thereupon Blankenship's father-in-law got up from the stern seat, picked up an oar and fought him back. Blackenship fought and pleaded and swore for two hours, but his father-in-law wouldn't let him in the boat.

"Then Blankenship limped up the creek trying to think of something to do. He spent the rest of the day and that night in meditation. It was a bitter night and his

his boat and got in His father-in-law grinned for the first time since Blanken-ship had left thilket Plankenship rowed until he came to the store at the mouth of Copper hiver
There he produced a small gold nugget or two and lought provisions and such an outfit as the store afforded. He said nothing about the thirty or forty more suggests in his hip pocket. But the un-imaginative storekoeper was not interested

main and me up a medical establishment of his own. Then he found in an inside parket the free deach work and water rietared powers of attorney which he had onlineted in Chilker. After a wood's carried

the first to Hindmintrook Island and cought the Sirka genmer at Nucleic Name of the Sirka genmer at Nucleic Ilice a gentleman and bought in most of the claims be had staked in his powers of the claims to had ataked in his powers of each. Then he entered the world of finance "The text year he sold out his interest in his Siyuawa' Crocks diggings. He cleaned up \$600,000 and the company that bought.

him out got such a good thing that they're talking now of building a railroad from the mouth of Copper River up past Mount Wrangel to Eagle Cuy on the Yukon.

"By this time Blankenship hadn't seen his father-in-law for a year and a haif. It occurred to him that it would be a pleasant diversion to go back to Portland, Me, and have some talk with his wife whose labors in the mill he had heard of. Then he could come to New York and other pleasant places and spend his money.

"He dropped in on Mrs. Blankenship one night unexpectedly. She lived in one room with a cooking stove and a bed and a very few other things in it. She had one of the children with her: the other one had died.

"Mrs. Blankenship looked worn, but until Blankenship brought her to her senses she seemed glad to see him. Then he enjoyed himself hugely. He showed her his diamonds and his money, and gave her a definite idea of his resources and all it meant. He said he hoped she would think of him occavionally while she and the girl were grubbir gin the mill.

"Mrs. Blankenship was not a proud woman. She said she hoped he would do something for them. She was sick and tired, she explained, but she didn't mit d that so much; she was thinking of the little girl.

"Blankenship told her she'd probably be a great deal sicker and more tired before

little girl.

"Blankenship told her she'd probably be a great deal sicker and more tired before she got a vacation. Then he went back to his hotel, leaving her weeping large

"Blankenship went to bed. He was going to take an early morning train before Mrs. Blankenship could get any advice that might cause him annoyance. The hotel burned down two hours later.

"Blankenship woke up at the first alarm, graphed his valuables and made for the

"Blankenship woke up at the first alarm, grabbed his valuables and made for the door. His father-in-law stood in the doorway and beat him back. It was their first meeting for nearly two years.

"Blankenship ran over to climb out of the window. His father-in-law kicked him in the stomach, swearing disgracefully. It grew hotter in the room than the trip from Chilkat had been cold.

"They identified Blankenship's body, though it was badly charred. His widow and daughter had no trouble in proving their rights of inheritance. Blankenship had it in Government bonds. Mrs. Blankenship lives in Boston for the sake of her

kenship lives in Boston for the sake of her daughter, who is being educated. She is a pretty girl, with her mother's eye."

WAY BACK IN TEXAS. The Life of a Man Who Prefers the Wilde to the Settled Regions.

From the San Antonio Express. In the wilds of Texas there are still to b encroachments of civilization and retained their primitive ideas of honesty and independence. They represent a class of unique characters, who are only to be found on the outskirts of settlements, where the country idmits of scattered habitations, because ruggedness or occasional spots of arable

Such a region is found in the vicinity of the Nucces Canon and its tributaries. This section of Texas embodies one of the wildest and most picturesque parts of the State, and includes some of the lovellest views that the eye of man ever rested upon. Withal, its healthfulness, combined with many other attractive features, renders it one of the most desirable localities for settlement or or a temporary sojourn.

The valley of the Nueces, threaded by the river and fringed on each side by mountain pinnacles, is settled by a good class of people, oughly wedded to their surroundings, which are enhanced by many of the advantages of civilization. But back in the mountains are found a few of the class who retain the pronounced characteristics of the earlier frontiersmen. It is the intention of this article to introduce one of the fast disappearing types of our American citizenship.
Bill Wells honors Kansas through his na-

ivity, but Texas nurtured all of his better qualities, and the salubrious air of the canon all the hardiness conspicuous in his nature, as his parents found a home there when he was only 5 years of age. In his youthful years he met with a singular accident which destroyed the sight of one of his eyes. His mother was trying to repair a gunlock with a file, when it slipped, and, as Bill was leaning on her knee, the end of the instrument entered his eye and irreparably destroyed his sight. In those days agriculture received but little attention, and was confined at most to a few acres of breadstuffs. The supplies for the family were secured through the chase, and as the country was full of game and wild cattle, there was no lack of food, and the pelts contributed to the family's humble needs from distant markets. Physically he is rugged, and constitutionally he is fearless. His record as a citizen is clean, and his own integrity is so pronounced that he will subject himself to any inconvenience for an qualities, and the salubrious air of the canon

of the river towed him ashore and filled him up with whiskey and quinine.

"Blankenship cursed them later and rowed to Copper River. Some forty miles up his father-in-law made him turn into a creek that ran out northwest. It was a ridiculous creek, with nothing but ice and wilderness on its banks. Blackenship said he rowed four days without food and some further time that he forgot to keep track of, his father-in-law cursing him all the time.

"Then Blankenship saw two huts on the bank and went ashore. There were two white men there who had married squaws." The squaws did all the work, including setting and emptying the traps and taking setting and emptying the traps and sendential setting setting

hasty retreat
Bill has a fund of stories which he delights Bill has a fund of stories which he delights in relating and they with the addition of his fetching song. Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie, genes him very companionable and contribute great enuscement abundant the camplines. His many adventures, if properly herrated, would give sest to any sportsman's publications.

Bill Wells once made a lourney as far as the bitste of Arkannas for the purpose of disposing of a small farm which had some into his passession by inheritance and that was his second and just trip away from busing the first some one tried to best him out of b. Inheritage was greathern, and

Many Stripts & provided to a Will From the Philadelphia Public Ledger

A TRAGEDY LESSON FROM LIFE.

How Clara Morris Learned the Way Men Die. .

A TOTAL STATE OF THE RESIDENCE AND THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

and lazy breakfast, we had been discussing a melodrama then being presented at a San Francisco theatre, and the doctor of the party-there was always a doctor in any party of my gathering in those dayshad been severely criticizing the actor who played the villian, because of his bad death

"But," said I, "according to the papers the audience liked the performance

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor, "the gallery enjoyed the scene greatly, but there were a good many in the parquette who were laughing quietly over that death. I dare say it would be accepted east of the Rocky Mountains, but here—well, when a man passes in his chips with the aid of a gunshot wound or a knife thrust he doesn't as a rule clutch and gasp and cavort and die a little bit on one side of the room. and then waltz over and die a lot more on the other side. Neither does he squirm about the floor on his stomach for a few

"Ah, well," said I, "I have been dying unnatural deaths from my tenderest years I have been shot often, stabbed oftener poisoned oftenest of all. I have died, too, of consumption, insanity and heart disease.

"Still, I am a teachable person with a mind open to conviction. So, if you will kindly kill some superfluous young man this afternoon I will try to profit by the opportunity and learn how to die properly." And, dear God, I remember that we all laughed.

Then came the superintendent or resident manager of the ranch to ask about our plans for the day, and knowing we had had enough of the saddle for that morning, he

remarked:

"I'm afraid I haven't anything special to show you to-day, unless you'd like to drive toward the mission and take a peep at our man-killer."

"What's that?" I asked. "Do you mean a bear?"

"No," put in the doctor. "He means the quick Alfonso," who has stabbed, or in local parlance, knifed four men in sixteen months, but has never seen the inside of a "But why," I asked, "did not some one kill him?" "Oh," cried the superintendent, "his

name answers your question, 'the quick Alfonso.' Madre de Dios! but he is quick and sure. Ah, he never strikes twicedoes 'the quick Alfonso.'

"Bah!" I said. "Your slayer of men must be a wretch! I don't want to see him. Put last week you promised to show me an almond orchard. Why can't we see that

to-day?"
"We can," replied the superintendent cheerfully, and as he went to order the cart the doctor laughingly added:
"And as old Alfonso lives just this side of the orchard, you will probably see him in spite of yourself."
And from the fullness of folly I made answer: "Perhaps your quick Alfonso may stab at No. 5 this afternoon, and so give me a chance to learn how to die after

give me a chance to learn how to die after California fashion."

Thus, with laugh and jest, we drove down

Thus, with laugh and jest, we drove down through the ugliness and the beauty of the orange orchard to the white road, winding among vineyards and grain fields, past wild land, where the tall mustard plant flaunted its yellow banner of blossom, in sign of the richness of the soil, and approached a long, low adobe house, in front of which an uncertain old watering trough stood, or, rather leaned against the trunk of a big pepper tree. A rude gallery made beautiful by its clambering grapevine, ran along the ade be's length, and several more of a big pepper tree. A rude gamery made beautiful by its clambering grapevine, ran along the ade be's length, and several men were lounging in its shadow. One of our horses must have been quoting to the other that famous speech made by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, for they both

moved as one horse toward the drinking place, and the doctor leaned closer to me and whispered:
"The quick Alfonso' is among those men.

The quick Aironso is among those men. See if you can pick him out. "
I nodded a sort of general salutation to the men and glanced them over. One came stumbling forward to uncheck the horses, a sullen swarthy fellow, wearing Mexican trousers, slashed to the knee, high-healed boots a pet silk sash tight about heeled boots, a net silk sash tight about his narrow hips, while from beneath a wide sombrero his quick, snaky eyes darted uch swift side glances that I shrank back,

whispering:
"That is your quick Alfonso."
But the absolutely criminal joy I saw
in my companions faces told me I had
erred. I immediately assumed that wide erred. I immediately assumed that wide but mirthless smile peculiar to the culti-vated person who has blundered—the uncultivated person, under like circum-stances, very properly commits assault or battery—but before I could more than produce that smile a girl came from the adobe, and pausing in the doorway, spoke to a fat, lazy, half-dressed man tilting back his chair upon its two rear legs. He turned his swarthy face, and opening

his half-closed lids, shot at her one swift cutting glance from a pair of pale blue eyes, the effect of which was startling. There was such cold menace in that pale, quick glance coming from the leather brown-ness of a face that promised a smouldering black eye, that I fairly shivered at it. The girl came down the path and I drew in the horses to let her pass. She was a handsome, senseless thing of the quickhandsome, quick-fading variety, and as she sent a boldly challenging smile toward the men of our party, a bitter oath left

the men of our party, a bitter oath left the lips of the man in the Mexican raiment, and f exclaimed "Ah, the old, old story," but that persistent doctor broke in with *Did you notice that fat man tilted back by the door?" "Yes," I answered, "if you mean the

man without most of his clothing, with-out vest, cost and collar, with carpet slip-pers hanging half off his feet, and with a pale eye in a deris face, if you mean thin, I saw him But. I added aggressively, I did not see your precious quick Al-Then they all laughed, and the doctor

Then they all laughed, and the doctor patrenizingly remerked.

"That's just the gentleman y at did see, my dear young lady. The swarthy, fat man with the pake eye is our quien Allonas, and the typus dismard is his nince."

"Well," I replied, "the mose is welcome to her famous relative, who will probably remove any admirer who proves obnoxious to her."

to her Burely the jost of prophocy was upon my laughing lips that day. We saw the orchard and were returning, when seeking

At the ranch house sitting over our late | can's eyes catch her at it. I could not qui can's eyes catch her at it. I could not quit decide whether the young American was just a wee, wee bit in liquor or whether he was a silly, practical joker. At all events, he laughed nearly all the time But if the girl evaded the Mexican's glances there were other eyes near, sharper

CHARLES OF STREET, STR

our table he paused to place a saucer of ice cream before the laughing young man. He was still rattling spoons behind us, when I saw the young fellow's face light up with a gleam of mischief.

He drew the spoon from the frozen cream, wired it could be provided.

wiped it on the napkin, and leaning for-ward, laid the bow of the cold spoon against the side of the girl's neck. She gave a cry the side of the girl's neck. She gave a cry at the icy touch, and sprang to her feet, as

at the ley touch, and sprang to her feet, as did the young American.

Then a heavy form sprang past me from the window, an arm fled high in the air, something flashed as the arm came down with terrific force, and I heard the thump of the knife's handle striking against bone. A savage wrench at the knife, an awful sound as of a bottle too quickly filled, and then, oh, God! out from the boy's throat there spurted clear and clean, a bright red stream that arched slightly in the air, and then fell in a hideous, ever-spreading pool of blood upon the white tablecloth.

For half a second the tall man wavered, then he sank back into his chair, limpl limp! His hands might have weighed tons, so heavily they seemed to drag his

limp! His hands might have weighed tons, so heavily they seemed to drag his arms down from the shoulders. His head sank weakly back, his eyes gleaming white between his half-closed lids and his mouth still smiled a death-stricken smile, the lipped drawn back across the teeth and a little froth gathering at their corners. And I thought, "Why don't he cry out or groan or moan? And, Mother of God! why don't he stop smiling?" And all that time I heard that bubbling.

An arm passed quickly about my waist and I was lifted backward from the window, and then into the cart, and I dully asked:

"When the last trump calls him to rise, will he still smile like that?"

Then I heard a voice afar off say: "Hold her! Give me the reins—quick!"

Then I heard a voice arar on say: Hold her! Give me the reins—quick!" Weakly I turned my head and saw a large, fat man coming down the street, and as he walked he slowly wiped a knife-blade

on his sleeve.

I gave a dry, cackling laugh, and cried out: "Look! Look! The 'quick Alfonso', —his No. 5—and my lesson!"

And then I knew no more. CLARA MORRIA

THREE WEEKS IN THE SEWERS. A Fox Terrier's Hard Experience in Subterranean New Orleans. From the New Orleans Picayune.

Nellie, the well-bred, highly valued for terrier of Col. James Hagan, Deputy Wharf Commissioner of the Port, has experienced a touch of strenuous life that puts most dogs' records to shame. The pup got lost in the city's new and ramified drainage culverts, and after wandering about underground for a period of three weeks, came to the surface again still alive, but in a deplor-able physical condition. If Nellie could talk she could unquestionaldy tell one of the most thrilling stories of the day. As she cannot speak, people must look upon her wasted form and draw their own conclusions. Suffice it to say, this intelligent ter-rier is not chasing any more rats into the

curb openings.
We had two terriers-Mellie and Jack -we thought all the world of, remarked Col. Hagan, at the offices of the Port Commissioners. They had been around the place since they were pupples. When any of us went for a walk Jack and Nellie formed a part of the company. and, especially Nellie, always alert, Sha

a part of the company. They were smart, and, especially Neilie, always alert. She would tackle anything and seemed to like the idea of learning new things when we were out on our strolls. I never went for a walk without the dog.

"So it was quite natural for them to be with me when I started out one Sunday afternoon, now more than three weeks ago. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and St. Charles avenue from my house, on Pleasant street. The new drain starts down the avenue from there and follows the riverside to Third street. The dogs started a rat and I saw them chase it into one of the openings, but I didn't think anything of that, for they were always doing it. When I got home, however, and Neilie was missing. I knew something must have happened to her. Taking a crowbar we went over to the Toledano corner and lifted up some of the plates to see if she might be under them, but no trace of the terrier was secured.

"Time passed, and no word came from the lost Neilie. Advertisements brought no returns and the days passed into weeks, when one night my son came home and told me a friend of his, living out in the Fourth District, had seen a fox terrier wearing a collar bearing the name, James Hagan, 11.307 Pleasant street, and that the dog was emaciated and in a horrible condition, appearing to have been starved almost to death. Inquiry was hastily made, and, to my delight. I found Neilie in the possession of an old woman near the corner of Chilborne avenue and Third street. She told me the terrier had come out of the drain the day before.

"The collar saved her. If it had not been for the name and address on it we would never have heard of the lost pet, and but for the collar I would hardly have known her myself. The feet were cut and the tees scratched raw. The body was emaciated and had evidently gone through the suffering of starvation.

"There is but one explanation of Neilie's disappearance. She ran the rat into the drain's entrance and then got lost traveling through the bullinging refuse. How the do

There is but one explanation of Nellic's disappearance. She ran the rat into the drain's entrance and then got lost traveling through the blinding refuse. How the day ever lived is more than we can tell She entered the passageway at Toledano, evidently came down the avenue mains to Third street, then through that sewer to Claiborne avenue, where she crawled out. It was three weeks almost to a day.

HOW PENN YAN GOT ITS NAME. Contending Settlers.

At the foot of Lake heuka is situated Penn Yan, county seat of Yates county. New York, and as the name has a peculiar origin It may prove interesting to some in earlier days of emigration and actiles. companies of people left the settled colorise travelling in canvas covered wagets, down as often by oxen as by horses, and cross of wherever they were overtaken by high They had no definite destination, but they elied on until they chanced upon enter spot which they thought favorable to a passet peaceful actionment, where they could credit hones and engage in the honoratic pulsad of farming.

A constant of such people had left the New England States and driving act at the country, evalually arrived at the left of take Kenna. There heng an according to twice and thousands of acres of as a set of the country. my laughing lips that day We saw the corchard and were retiricting, when sociality arrived at the foundation of Lake Kenna There being an counse of water and those ands of acres of near the formula has been of the country land at the series of lake Kenna There being an counse of tweeter and those ands of acres of near the formula has a second part of the series of lake Kenna There being an counsel of water and those ands of acres of near the formula has a second part of the series of the ser